A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

The Trouble Between Fogarty and President Love.

BAD BUSINESS METHODS.

Evil Effects of Allowing Players to Overdraw Their Salaries.

TALK ABOUT LEADING PUGILISTS

Those directly interested in the game of baseball cannot well be other than a little weary of it just now. The week has, indeed, been a discouraging one for those who have newly entered into the business with the fond expectation of making lots of money. Those people will likely see baseball from an entirely new view now. But matters may change for the better, at least as far as the weather is concerned. The customary rumors have been afloat during the week regarding the transfer of the Pittsburg National League club. This time, curiously enough, we are told that President Spalding is the man who is to get the club. Again we are told that it is only President Nimick that is going to sell out to Mr. Spalding. And so the ridiculous stories and veritable nonsense goes on. It is strange also that these very foolish stories originated in Pittsburg in this instance. A constant denial of these stupid stories is sure to make the club officials weary, and if common sense cannot prompt those interested to see their shallowness, it is a very great pity. Mr. Nimick has never thought of selling out to Mr. Spalding. Such a thing has not been mentioned by either of the gentlemen. The same flat denial may be made regarding the report to the effect that the Pittsburg Players' club is going to St. Louis. No such change will be made.

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Messrs. Fogarty and Love.

What to me seems the most important feature of the week has been the disagreement between ball player J. G. Fogarty and President Love, of the Philadelphia Players' League Club. The quarrel between them has gone so far that Fogarty refuses to play in the team as long as Mr. Love is retained as President. The source of the trouble is a matter relating to the respective authority of President and Manager Fogarty. This is very unfortunate, indeed, and augurs very badly for the future of the new league. Time and time again it has been asserted that as soon as the new League got fairly to work, disputed authority on the part of some would cause a rumpus. That prediction has been amply fulfilled in the case of Fogarty and Love. I won't for one moment express an opinion as to whether Fogarty is in the right or whether he is in the wrong. I am not sufficiently informed about the case to do that; but the quarrel gives us to understand President Love as a new import into the business has assumed too much. His desperate desire to lead people to believe that he knows more about baseball than a professional who has been prominently in it for years fully illustrates that somewhat hackneyed quotation:

"Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."

Evidently Mr. Love wants to be a magnate of the first water all at once. Fogarty wants to be of as much importance as anybody else. This is how the matter looks, but if the inside history of the case were fully known we might have another opinion. It is very unfortunate for the new League, however. The old organization has gained considerable ground during the week and as far as attendance has been concerned has taken a good lead more than once. This is significant, and doubtless has had some influence in causing the trouble at Philadelphia. The old League club of that city has been having the best of it there, and that has had a dissatisfying effect on the officials of the new club. Hence the fault-finding and its consequent trouble. I will be greatly mistaken if almost every club in the two leagues has not much that is discouraging to encounter. The great thing, the great element of success, is to bear up with coolness and vigor under the discouraging influences. Disorganization is very contagious, and if Philadelphia prolongs its example worse results may follow.

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Bad Business Methods.

The present quarrel among the baseball factions is fast bringing before the public all the extraordinary features of the baseball business. Since the "dog-eat-dog" affair commenced many things regarding the management and continuation of the game have been publicly discussed that otherwise would probably not have been thought of. I don't think that the players have much of anything to gain by an investigation of all these questions. Certainly the event of the week has suggested a question that I fear will eventually end in the curtailment of some privileges that players have heretofore enjoyed. I refer to the system, for it has become a system, of allowing players to overdraw their salaries. This system has been brought to public view by the transactions of the local National League club during the week. I wish to state the case clearly, because I think I will prove the system to be one of the worst in all respects that has ever been indulged in from a business, and some respects moral, standpoint. For some time past there have been people interesting themselves extremely in circulating rumors to the effect that the local National League club was unable to pay the salaries of its players. I do not know how the report originated, except that it came from that class of people who daily do their best to tell the public that which is not true in hopes that it may injure somebody. Well, the report was sent abroad, but its falsity was easily proven when the players returned from the West. On their payday I saw their payroll and was surprised to find that the players had overdrawn their salaries to the extent of nearly $6,000. Only about three players in the club had any claim whatever for any money, and among those who were overdrawn were some who owed the club as much as $1,200. Of course this fact in itself settles all conjectures about the players not getting their salaries. It proves also that they have been given more than they should have been given during the season as far as it has gone, and it also goes to prove that baseball has been and is being conducted on principles that are ruinous.

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Defects Pointed Out.

Now, I ask: Is there a business of any kind, that is a respectable and prosperous business, where the employes are allowed this privilege of "overdrawing" to the extent in which we find it in the baseball business? I answer there is not, simply because nobody who has any respect for good business principles, and the moral betterment of the employes, would ever indulge in such a ridiculous system. It is easy to see how the system has become so well established in baseball. During late years no citizen, personage or performer in the United States has risen to that altitude of importance that the baseball player has reached. The public has fallen at his feet; tons of paper and gallons of ink have been used in telling of his every trait and characteristic, from the way in which he combed his hair to the way in which he was also taking about going into some great business for himself. To live ignorant of the color of a great ball player's hair of eyes, only a short time ago was almost sufficient to incur social banishment. One could be pardoned for knowing nothing about who was President of the country, who was Mayor of one's city, or any little thing like that, but ignorance of the dollar-a-day struggles and fifty-dollars-a-day triumphs of the ball players could not be tolerated. In short, and in fact to a large portion of the public ball players were of more importance than Congress, the Senate, or anything on which the country's progress really depends. If a ball player asked a club director for his coat the director would give his cloak also. Well, as a result of all this veritable nonsense many customs were established that will be abolished in sober moments. Among other things the system of advance money and overdrawing salaries was thoroughly rotten; so much so that now the players look upon it as a matter of fact and right. I don't think that intelligent people will for one moment need any argument to see how bad the system is. If a ball player cannot live for seven months on his salary in fortnightly installments he ought to be relegated to the profitable employment from whence he came. If his salary, given in the usual way, cannot keep him, every dollar given him in advance induces him to become more thriftless and immoral. Every $100 he becomes indebted to his club makes him, or tends to make him, more careless about the club's welfare, because he thinks the debt will force the club to keep him until it is paid. It is, however, preposterous to think that the public have to contribute money toward the support of ball players who cannot get along on salaries ranging from $2,500 to nearly $4,000 for seven months, together with boarding half of that time. It is such facts and connections as these that will make the downfall of the ball players a very great one some of these days. The talismanic charm that used to surround the stars of the diamond is not so strong even among the cranks to-day as it used to be. In truth, the players are doing their best to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

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Dunlap's Case.

The general opinion among baseball patrons seems to be that the local National League club has done well to get rid of Fred Dunlap. I share in that opinion, and it is quite easy now to see how wise Manager Hanlon was in not being inclined to have Dunlap in the team. The truth is I don't think anybody who desires a good player and harmony in the team will ever think of engaging Dunlap. His work and behavior while in the local club this season so far places him on a standard too low for the Tri-State League. I am not exaggerating. The records speak for themselves. He has been the worst performer and the source of much discontent. Dunlap was a great player, but evidently his days of usefulness are past. But what I want to refer to is his abusive language regarding the officials of the club. It ill becomes almost anybody, and particularly Dunlap, to abuse officials, and make ridiculous charges against them after he is discharged. I confess that I was surprised to find some of Dunlap's remarks in print. A gentleman would not have made them. During his two years' stay with the club he has received $11,000 in salary. However, I think his baseball days are ended. His desire to make more money in the game may not be, but his usefulness has gone.

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Brunell's Apology.

Secretary Brunell, of the Players' League, has been making a public apology for the poor pitching and all round bad playing of the various clubs of the new League. He gives many reasons for the "tremendous slugging," but really there is only one worth considering. It is the only one that has any force at all. I refer to the extension of distance between the pitcher and batter. It would be unreasonable not to admit that the change of distance affects the pitcher. But it does not affect it to the extent that many people claim. So far the games, generally speaking, of the National League have been cleaner played than the other games. The fielding has been better, and despite all arguments to the contrary the pitching has been better. Manager Ewing says that the fielding has been better because the National League players have had few hits to field. Well, now that is amusing, when the fact is known that Mr. Ewing's team were kept down to two hits one day notwithstanding Mr. Brunell's reasons for big hitting. It is also worthy of remark that on the day Mr. Brunell's apology appeared the Chicago team defeated the Buffalo team by 19 to 8. The visitors had as many hits as they wanted, and the Buffalos scarcely had any. Was it good hitting or bad pitching that made the difference? After all is said the fact remains that there has been some bad playing in the new League simply because the players have not been in condition. The young players of the National League, as a rule, were in much better form than the players of the new League, and this accounts for the difference in playing. I certainly expect the teams of the new League to play some good games, but not until the players have gotten into good form.

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About the Pugilists.

Admirers of the prize ring and boxing stage have not had much to interest them during the week, that is as far as actual events have been concerned. There has been considerable talk, as usual, but nothing definitely has been done. It seems as if the "stars" of the profession have resolved to remain on the shelf for some time, as there are few indications of a combat between any of them. Charley Mitchell, evidently, is eager for the fray again, as he has been challenging the whole world. It is somewhat difficult to judge as to the honesty of the challenge, but I am inclined to think that Mitchell means what he says. He wants to fight anybody, that fight to take place in England, and I suppose that means the Pelican Club. Mitchell leveled his challenge particularly at Slavin, but when the latter inquired about it Mitchell meant only eight or ten rounds. In this I think Mitchell was decidedly wise, as it was, or is the only way that he can cope with the giants under Queensberry rules. I feel certain that Mitchell would be quite ready to give Slavin an argument of ten rounds, and that if they were to meet I don't hesitate to say that Mitchell would be a very difficult customer for Slavin to deal with. I don't say that Mitchell would defeat Slavin, but I do say that his chances of defeating Slavin in a ten-round fight would just be as good as those of Slavin defeating Mitchell. I am led to this conclusion by the showing that Mitchell made against Sullivan in their first glove encounter. At that time Sullivan was probably the most terrific glove fighter that ever lived. Mitchell made a remarkable stand against him; a better stand I think than either Slavin, Jackson, or anybody else could have made on that occasion. I don't think that Mitchell is any worse now than he was then as a glove fighter, providing, of course, that he is put into condition. It is safe to say that Mitchell is a better glove fighter than Slavin, although the latter has a big advantage in reach and strength of delivery. However, I would like to see the pair face each other.

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Slavin and Corbett.

Slavin has also been talking to other people than Mitchell. The big Australian wants to fight Corbett, the big Californian, at the Pelican Club for $10,000 or $20,000. Corbett has replied to the challenge, and stated that he is bound to the Olympic Club for a year. He therefore cannot meet Slavin until then. This is a pity, as whether Corbett is really bound to the club or not the answer means that he won't meet Slavin this year. I confess that this seems strange to me. It is not long ago since Corbett could find time to meet such men as Kilrain and McCaffrey, and it is certainly a puzzle to know why he cannot secure the same time to meet Joe McAuliffe or Frank Slavin. Mark, I do not say that Slavin can defeat Corbett. What I am arguing is, why is it impossible for Corbett to find time to meet a man like Slavin for a large sum of money? I really think that Corbett is not anxious to fight and he may be a champion at that. As a stage boxer I would prefer Corbett to Slavin, but I might have another opinion were the two to meet in a 24-foot ring and under prize ring rules. If all that McCaffrey says about Corbett is true he ought to best Slavin in a boxing bout, or Mitchell either. But I am inclined to think that we'll not hear much more of Corbett for a while. He has secured a name, whatever its real worth may be, and he is probably very wise in not risking it for some time to come. And he will risk it when he faces men of his own build like Joe McAuliffe, Slavin or Jackson.

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Jackson and Sullivan.

Another change seems to have come over the scene as far as the proposed fight between Jackson and Sullivan are concerned. Reports state that the officials of the California Athletic Club are much surprised at Sullivan's silence on the matter. John L. has apparently retired into absolute quietude, as he has not been heard from for some time. At any rate he has given the directors of the club named no definite answer as to what he intends to do. It seems to me that Sullivan's pugilistic career is nearly ended. A class of big, powerful and clever men are pressing at his heels. They are so good in their business that Sullivan cannot afford than be other in the very best of condition to face any one of them. Jackson, Slavin, Corbett and McAuliffe are all aspirants and are powerful men. If what I am told by a friend is true, it will be long before Sullivan is in condition, even were he to commence training to-day. He is living just as if he never intended to train or fight again. He is yet corpulent and flabby. Well, all this leads one to think that as a champion Sullivan's days are fast ending. There was a time when Sullivan and his backers would have had $10,000 for him to meet Jackson long ere now; but the truth seems to be that Sullivan's moneyed friends are somewhat shy in producing the cash now. None of us can blame them. The facts which I have above mentioned are sufficient to make anybody hesitate a while before putting up thousands of dollars to match Sullivan against any of the younger men. I wouldn't be surprised if Sullivan were never to fight again.

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The Two Turf Events.

The turf season has now fairly opened and the week has witnessed two prominent events, viz.: the Kentucky Derby and the Brooklyn Handicap. Neither race was a brilliant one; in fact as far as quality was concerned the Derby was almost a failure. The time made by the winner was the slowest ever made in the race, but the track was very heavy. But Riley won with ease and a race of that kind is seldom interesting. The Kentucky Derby has only been in existence 15 years, but in its short life it has been a very popular event. In fact it was the great turf event of America. Now it is far below par; not because it has degenerated, but because horse racing at other places has developed so extraordinarily. The Derby now is one of minor importance compared with the Brooklyn, Suburban and other races. If the Kentucky Derby was inferior this year the Brooklyn Handicap was just as bad. The race was one of the most unexciting there has been seen. The talent were all at sea as far as tipping the winner was concerned, as the despised Castaway II. won with ridiculous ease. There was not a struggle in the race, and the bookmakers were on the right side of the fence for once. There is no accounting for the public form of race horses, but doubtless many people will try and explain to how the Brooklyn winner had no reason to lose against such horses as Sir Dixon and Los Angeles. The turf is very uncertain; indeed its uncertainties are the only certainties about it.

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The Local Race Meeting.

Doubtless the general public will be delighted to know of the prospect of a race meeting at Homewood this year. I may say two race meetings, as there is to be one on Decoration Day as well as the summer event. Under present circumstances it is quite an undertaking on the part of the park directors to arrange for two meetings, and they certainly deserve public support. Homewood track has many interesting reminiscences associated with it. There have been some great races there, and there is not a prettier track in the country. It is safe to say that if all goes well for the summer meeting there will be some excellent stock here, as Pittsburg is a favorite place among the horsemen. The great drawback during the last year or so has been the desire on the part of some people to prevent pool selling. I think those people, if they observe events, will be or ought to be convinced that the prevention of pool selling does not at all prevent betting. It only turns the betting into a more unreliable and more irresponsible channel. There is no less betting to-day than there was when we had several pool rooms, but the betting is of a more questionable character.

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McAuliffe's Chances.

What I mean by Joe McAuliffe's chances is in connection with the talk of his proposed fight with John L. Sullivan. During the last day or two there has been much talk regarding an encounter between these two men; these two big men, I may say. Before discussing the probabilities of the outcome of a contest between these two pugilists, it may be well to say a few words about the chances of a battle taking place between them at all. It seems to me that the chances of Sullivan fighting anybody are very remote. His demands are so extraordinary that as far as money is concerned, the chances are always against his definitely arranging for a battle. There is apparently a reason for this, and it seems to be that there are so many people connected with him that a very large sum of money is required to give each a reasonable share should he win. Of course neither himself or friends ever think of his losing. But should he agree to fight McAuliffe for $10,000 a side it will appear strange in view of the fact that he has dallied so long with Jackson when more money was forthcoming. However, Sullivan and McAuliffe may fight, and they may not. But if they should, and if it is for the better man to win, I shall have no hesitation in declaring for Sullivan, but with the proviso that he is in good condition. If he is in as good condition as when he met Kilrain it will do for me. I come to this conclusion on the form displayed by McAuliffe when he met Jackson, in that encounter the big Californian didn't by any means display form to anything like defeat Sullivan. I am told that McAuliffe has improved since then. I grant that he has, but he must have improved so much to be able to hold his own with Sullivan that I doubt very much whether he has improved sufficiently. But both men are in the hands of very shrewd business managers, and it is difficult to say whether a contest will be arranged for receipts only, or for a bona fide stake and a thorough struggle for supremacy.

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Kemp's Victory.

Well, Peter Kemp has easily downed the great young wonder that Edward Hanlan told us of the other day. Hanlan never got further wrong in his life in estimating the ability of a young sculler than in the case of young McLean, who was beaten easily on Thursday by Kemp. According to what Hanlan said McLean should have had no difficulty in disposing of Kemp, but the contrary has turned out to be the fact. Of course we couldn't well do other than defer to what Hanlan said on the matter, because he has seen and rowed with both Kemp and McLean. The race, judging from the brief accounts, was a poor one, as Kemp completely outrowed the young aspirant who may turn out to be another exploded wonder like Carr, the young Tynesider, in England. But the race gives us an idea that O'Connor has still a good winning chance, as Kemp has proven himself so much superior to a young man who many thought was a world beater. I am inclined to think that Kemp has improved since he last rowed on the Thames, but I will be somewhat surprised if he defeats both Stansbury and O'Connor. Of course, it is difficult to judge of a man at this distance from him. We must almost entirely rely on public form and that often is very misleading. On public form, then, Kemp should be beaten by Stansbury and O'Connor, and if Kemp has improved we cannot tell how much he has improved, and that is another difficulty. Certainly, McLean did not row on Thursday as Hanlan told us he could row, or else neither Kemp or any other man living could have beaten him easily. We are told that the race was for the championship of the world. It couldn't rightfully be for any such thing. If it was, why was not the Kemp-Matterson race for the title? What more reason was there for McLean and Kemp to row for the championship than for Kemp and Matterson to row for it? I claim now, as I have done all along, that the race that has any reasonable pretension to a championship contest is the proposed race between O'Connor and Stansbury. It is ridiculous to call Kemp champion when a man like Stansbury has been claiming it so long.

PRINGLE.

GOSSIP FROM BOSTON.

Charley Foley Sends Another Interesting Letter—Kilroy Not Looking Like a Success—Opinions About 25-Cent Ball at Pittsburg.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

BOSTON, May 16.—Both of our Boston teams are now at home and for some time to come they will do their best to annihilate their Western brethren who are now in our midst. The League Club is badly crippled, but it is thought Clarkson will be able to pitch in a few days so as to give the boys a little courage. Long has been complaining of a cold and sore throat, but his work in New York, in the 13-inning game, just bordered on the outside edge of Lake Marvelous. Young Lowe is too lame to play, and his great stick work is sadly missed. Bennett's arm is still lame, and Hardie has been doing most of the catching and doing it well. Von Phelan, the new pitcher, got it in the neck the very first game he pitched. Mutrie's gang of unfortunates touched the young German up for over 20 hits and the Yorkers won with ease—12 to 5. Another exploded phenom, one Lawson by name, pitched for the Leaguers in the last New York game, and Mutrie's men found him an easy mark. He did better than Fricken, but that won't insure him a job for the rest of the season unless he shows great improvement. Nichols is pitching in first-class style, and will take his regular turn in the box as his arm is now in good shape. Director Billings, who has just returned from the South wants to fight the Brotherhood and conflict with them as much as possible. It is all very well for Billings and his partners to talk in this way, but the other clubs will have something to say on this important subject, and from all accounts Spalding, Nimick and others are in favor of making out a new schedule which will conflict with the Brotherhood as little as possible.

But the Boston Brotherhood club—well, now you just strike a gang of winners! A New York paper—not exactly noted for its veracity—has figured out that the Boston (P. L.) made $8,000 on their recent trip to Philadelphia, Brooklyn and New York. The club has been away from home two weeks, but I fail to see where their expenses footed up $1,500 as stated by the New York paper. Hotel bills wouldn't amount to over $600 for two weeks, and certainly 15 men could get transported from here to Philadelphia and back for less than $400. Most clubs get $2 a day rates, but in some cases it runs up to $3 a day. The boys stopped at the Continental in Philadelphia, and the rates there probably reached top notch figures. The club made big money in Philadelphia and New York; in Brooklyn the weather was bad and attendance small. The boys pulled off two games out of three from Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and broke even with the New Yorks. It was thought that Kilroy would be the star pitcher of the team, but his work so far has been a big disappointment. He opened up well against Brooklyn, but since then he seems to have lost all his speed. He pitched one game in New York, and he simply lobbed the ball over the plate, which shows plainly that his arm is out of kilter. He watches the bases in great shape; in this respect Galvin is the only man who can hold a candle to him.

Radbourn has been doing good work, but he got the sulks in the first Brooklyn game, and Ward's men hammered him until they were tired. Gumbert is the most conscientious and painstaking pitcher of the lot, and his numerous friends were glad to see him win his games in New York. Young Daley is a hard worker and a very effective pitcher, but he still has the old weakness of giving too many bases on balls. Tom Brown is playing such a fine game that Dicky Johnston is scarcely missed. Richardson's fielding continues to be a leading feature, and Harry Stovey's base running is bound to land him at the head of the procession when the books are made up this fall. Big Dan Brouthers is off in his batting, and to add to the big fellow's sorrow, his fielding has been of a very saffron color of late.

Many people hereabouts think a mistake was made in reducing the admission in Pittsburg, but I think it was about the best thing to do considering the circumstances. Three tickets for $1 would have been the proper caper to my way of reckoning, but as the League club was bent on coming to 25 cents, the Brotherhood backers showed the proper spirit by taking the bull by the horns and reducing the price at once. And don't be a bit surprised to hear other cities cry for 25-cent ball. Brooklyn is already crying for it, and don't be surprised to hear of a wail from Buffalo if the Bisons continue to tumble. And Deacon White's men will keep tumbling, if I am not greatly mistaken, for their pitching department is weak, while Mack is the only man to be depended upon behind the bat.

Cheesology, don't say a word; Lord Dashington Pianoleg O'Rourke is in town and I must take to the woods.

CHARLES J. FOLEY.

LUCERNE awnings, one of the best styles. MAMAUX & SON, 539 Penn avenue, Pittsburg.

FLORENCE'S BOSS LIE

Was an Atrocious, Unprovoked, Bald-Headed, but Probable, Tale

PERPETRATED AT MINNEAPOLIS.

Origin of the Account of Prof. Edselle's Famous Human Rocket.

INVENTED BY SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

There has recently been a very interesting newspaper revival of the hoaxes of the prince of practical jokers, Theodore Hook, and his modern successor, the late Edward A. Sothern, the actor. The writer of these reminiscences records of Mr. Sothern that "he was usually assisted by some choice spirits, the chief of whom was his brother comedian, William J. Florence, ever as ready for the carrying out of a harmless bit of fun as he is to put his hands in his pockets for the relief of the distressed."

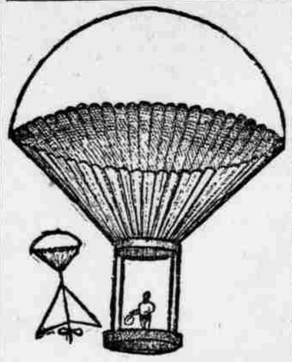
Florence had read these revived tales of his friend, the most famous *Lord Dundreary* of his day, when I called upon him in his rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, not long since. He was busily packing for his usual fishing trip to the salmon grounds of the Restgouche river, in Canada, and, when I asked him to give me an account of the hoaxes in which he had been engaged, he stood aghast for a moment and then, with that lovable lisp of his, said: "Why, my dear fellow, it would take me from now until doomsday to do that."

Then I said: "Tell me then the best story of the lot."

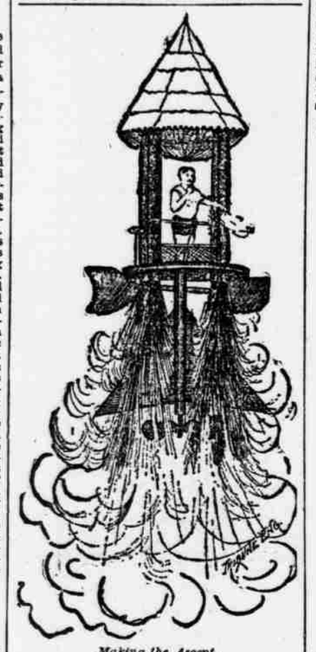
The eyes of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* twinkled and his face broadened into a smile. It required some insistance to get this modern Isaak Walton from his fishing traps, but I finally succeeded.

THE HUMAN ROCKET HOAX.

"Since Sothern's death," said Florence with a sigh, "I have reformed my ways in the matter of hoaxes, but once in a while the old spirit will assert itself and I have to give vent to it a quiet, harmless way. I have not yet made confession of my latest sin, and of course, Sothern wasn't a side partner in this. While out in Minneapolis about one year ago I conceived the idea of a human rocket, and by going to the trouble of having some cuts prepared and inflaming a young fellow with a narrative which I obtained in secret, the *Tribune* of that enterprising city published an illustrated article which attracted wide attention and aroused much curiosity throughout the West."



Making the Descent.



Making the Ascent.

Then Mr. Florence rummaged around in some old boxes and produced a clipping, from which he read as follows:

"Men attempt all sorts of seemingly impossible feats to show their daring and gain notoriety, and others undertake dangerous experiments for scientific purposes. Among the most interesting of these that are classed as the most dangerous, have been experiments with balloons. Many lives have been lost in the attempts, not only to make discoveries in the upper regions of the atmosphere, but to make it practicable for use in war times. Out of these experiments with the balloon came the discovery of the parachute, and within the past few years it has been demonstrated that a man may ascend to almost any height and descend with safety in a parachute.

PROFESSOR EDSELLE'S EXPOSURE.

"Another field which inventors have been searching is the one of explosives, and it is only recently that an American sold to the French Government a new explosive that he had discovered for $2,000,000. But now there appears another man, Prof. D. Edselle, who has been delving in the field of explosives, studying the principles governing the parachute, and has evolved what he is pleased to call a 'human rocket,' and which he hopes to make practicable in taking observations from great heights and at the same time avoid the many dangers that continually surround the balloon. Prof. Edselle is an American, and for years has been connected with the United States navy, making experiments with rockets and different explosives.

"It was while in the United States service, on board the war steamer Pawtucket, that he conceived the idea which has resulted in his strange and most wonderful invention. A trial of this 'rocket' was recently made in Callao, Peru, and proved a splendid success. Immediately after the trial the professor wrote a letter describing incidents of the trial to a brother of his, a young artist, who recently came to Minneapolis expecting to locate here. The letter contained also a drawing to be filed in the Patent Office, together with a description of the machinery and an instantaneous photograph of the rocket during the ascent taken by Signor Camarara. Mr. Edselle kindly showed the letter and drawing to the *Tribune*, and described as much of it as he thought the professor would were he in Minneapolis.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROCKET.

"Mr. Edselle will leave for Washington, D. C., in a few days with the drawings and make application for a patent. As suggested above, the machine is a rocket, or rather a combination of four pockets of immense power, and has a parachute attachment. The main framework of the machine are four tubes arranged in a square, about three feet apart. These tubes are round and light, but are capable of great resistance, and are firmly bound together. The platform, parachute and gearing apparatus are all attached, making a substantial whole. In the machine used in the experiment at Callao these tubes were charged with the explosive compound which is the great and unexplained secret of the invention. Prof. Edselle calls this compound 'dyno-ascensimite,' and its peculiar property is that it is not detonating. A small volume of the solid makes an immense volume of vapor, and this rushing out from the four tubes and pressing with such force against the atmosphere, lifts the machine with almost lightning rapidity into the higher regions.

"Prof. Edselle has been in Peru for several years, where he is interested in manufacturing and has been working on his invention, and having many friends, succeeded in interesting Government officials in his scheme, and it was before them that the first successful trial was made. This took place in December, and was made from a plain near Callao. The day was a beautiful one, the sky being without a cloud, and there was no wind. The invention had been the talk of the city and the surrounding country for weeks past, and on the day fully 15,000 people gathered to see the trial.

THE PERILOUS ASCENT.

"The machine stood on four pillars sufficiently high to raise the gearing clear of the ground. Government troops kept the crowd back and preparations went on quietly. When everything was ready the professor took his position on the platform, and by means of straps fastened himself in the car. Then by means of an electric current the explosive matter in the tubes was lighted at the same instant. The vapor began to rush out, and slowly at first, then with great rapidity the rocket shot up.

"The great multitude stood hushed and with all its eyes gazing into the blue vault above. There was not a sound or a movement, except by those officials of the Government, who, with telescopes, were watching the ascent, until one of them announced that the explosion expended itself, the great parachute had expanded and the professor had begun his descent. Then there was a great cheer and the wildest confusion of voices while the professor was coming to the ground. The descent was gradual, Prof. Edselle having ample opportunity to make observations of the surrounding country. He landed about 1¾ leagues from where he started up and seemed no worse for the trip. The self-registering barometer attached to the machine showed that he had gone 4,783 meters. The parachute was 50 feet in diameter.

A POLISHED FABRICATION.

"It should be explained also that there is a parachute attachment to the gearing apparatus. This gearing is so fastened to the car that as soon as the explosive is exhausted it is loosened and falls, the parachute preventing it from doing any injury by falling upon people or dwellings.

"Prof. Edselle says in his letter that the Government officials were greatly pleased with the test and have offered him Government aid to perfect his discovery. He says that by making the tubes containing the explosives shorter the height to which the rocket will ascend can be varied, the less the amount of explosive substance used making the ascent less. He will remain and make further experiments at Callao, but, being anxious to obtain a patent in his native country, sent the drawing to his brother. When he does return to the United States he hopes to be able to interest this Government by proving the practicability of his invention and secure its adoption."

When Mr. Florence had finished reading the above he said with a grin, "Prof. Edselle was a sell, indeed, but that sin was such a small one that I am sure it will be forgiven."

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